

WAITING FOR THE WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT ATTACK

frumpishly into the street as then a second. The figure had broken loose from all compulsion of time, and was racing down the road like a flying shadow—towards the cemetery. Yet the figure we watched an instant before starting in frantic pursuit was unmistakably—Iznie.

To my cousin belongs the reward of prompt action and recapture. He simply flew. And he caught the creature before she reached the forbidden ground. He caught her and, frustrated, she screamed at him, and looked up and exploded to her alarmed mother that she had been taken suddenly ill, *à la crise de nerfs*, as Daddy, with presence of mind, described it. It was not the first time; Iznie had been too often hysterical to cause undue anxiety. Mother will never know the truth unless she reads this story, which is unlikely, since her mending and darning leaves her little leisure for the papers.

My cousin in himself has never been the thing of nightmares, and his eyes have indicated, explained it in a variety of ways.

But neither of us know what Iznie thought or felt. We, of course, dared not ask her, and the child has never volunteered a word. That she was severely frightened only is clear. "She never passes the cemetery alone now, and the name of old mère Corbillard has not passed her lips a single time." My cousin's discovery of the horror, however coinciding with my own, was not the only unpleasant thing she had been aware of, for no uneasy sensations previously, as I had been. Telepathy, therefore, was the clue he finally decided on. "It covers more ground than the word 'possession,' and has besides," as he said, "a sort of scientific sound."


